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Poetry.

THE LETTERS.

BY TENNYSON.

Still on the tower stood the vane,
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow;
"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet
Before you hear my marriage vow."

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song
That mock'd the wholesome human heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong—
We met, but only met to part,
Full cold my greeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw with half unconscious eye
She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,
Then raised her head with lips compress,
And gave my letters back to me.
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;
As looks a father on the things
Of the dead son, I looked on these.

She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public liar;
She talk'd as if her love was dead,
But in my words were seeds of fire.
"No more of love; your sex is known;
I never will be twice deceived.
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.

Thro' slander, meanest spawn of hell,
(And woman's slander is the worst,)
And you, whom once I loved so well,
Thro' you, my life will be accurst."
I spake with heart, and heat, and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms;
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rushed into each other's arms.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapor-braided blue
Low breezes fanned the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appear'd to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swell;
"Dark porch," said I, and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage bells.

[From the Christian Reformer.]

DREAM NOT, BUT WORK.

Dream not, but work! Be bold! be brave!
Let not a coward spirit or vo
Escape from tasks allotted!
Thankful for toil and danger be;
Duty's high call will make thee flee
The vicious—the besotted.

Think not thy share of strife too great;
Speed to thy post, erect, elate:
Strength from above is given
To those who combat sin and wrong,
Nor ask how much, nor count how long
They with the foe have striven.

Wage ceaseless war 'gainst lawless might;
Speak out the truth—act out the right—
Shield the defenceless.
Be firm—be strong—improve the time—
Pity the sinner—but for crime,
Crush it—relentless!

Strive on, strive on, nor ever deem
Thy work complete. Care not to seem
But be, a Christian true.
Think, speak and act 'gainst mean device;
Wrestle with those who sacrifice
The many to the few.

Forget thyself, but bear in mind
The claims of suffering human kind;
So shall the welcome sight,
Unseen, o'ertake thee, and thy soul,
Sinking in slumber at the goal,
Wake in eternal light!

Choice Miscellany.

THE LITTLE SISTERS.

A PRETTY STORY.

"You were not here, yesterday," said the gentle teacher of the village school, as she placed her hand kindly on the curly head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed, had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, nor even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself master of a sum in long division.

Her face and cheek crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up she seemed somewhat re-assured by the kind glance that met her and answered, "No ma'am, I was not, but sister Nelly was."

"I remember there was a litt'e girl who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know she was your sister. But why did not you come? You seem to love study very much."

"It was not because I didn't want to," was the earnest answer, and then she paused, and the deep flush again tinged that fair brow, "but," she continued after a moment of painful embarrassment, "mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns; I'm going to school one day and sister the next, and to-night I'm to teach Nelly all I have learned to-day, and to-morrow night she will teach me all she learns while here. It's the only way we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to sometime keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy, Miss M——— forbore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

"You had better go out and take the air a moment, you have studied very hard to-day," said the teacher, as the little girl put away her slate.

"I had rather not—I might tear my dress—I will stand by the window and watch the rest."

There was such a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil, saying "I might tear my dress," that Miss M——— was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but ninepenny print of a deep hue, but it was neatly made and had never yet been washed. And while looking at it she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight that Mary Gray had attended school regularly, she had never seen her wear but that one dress.

"She is a thoughtful little girl," said she to herself, "and does not want to make her mother any trouble—I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one eleven and the other nearly eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend school by turns, that Miss M——— could not forbear observing them closely. They were pretty-faced children, of delicate forms and fairy-like hands and feet—the elder with lustrous eyes, red chestnut curls, the younger with orbs like the sky of June, her white neck veiled by a wreath of golden ringlets. She observed in both, the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary had tarried within during play time, so did Nelly; and upon speaking to her sister, she received, too, the same answer, "I might tear my dress."

The reply caused Miss M——— to notice the garb of the sister. She saw at once it was the same piece as Mary's, and upon scrutinizing very closely, she became certain it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so pretty on Nelly, and it was too long for her, too, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so truly benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of the village school teacher. She ascertained the residence of their mother, and though sorely shortened herself of a narrow purse, that same night, having found at the only store in the place a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

* * * * *

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning, as she entered the school room at an early hour. She waited only to place her books in neat order in her desk, ere she approached Miss M——— and whispered, in a voice that laughed in spite of her effort to make it low and deferential, "after this week sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and oh, I am so glad!"

"That is very good news," replied the teacher, kindly. "Nelly is fond of her books, I see, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study her books every day." Then continued, a little good natured mischief encircling her eyes, and dimpling her sweet lips, "but how can your mother spare you both conveniently?"

"O, yes ma'am, yes, she can now. Something has happened she didn't expect, and she's as glad to have us come as we are to do so." She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural to tell the cause, as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fullness of her heart she spoke and told her teacher this little story.

She and her sister were the children of a very poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to support herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no clothes to wear, but told them that if they could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which had usually repaid them. They had each nearly enough saved to buy a calico dress, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicine.

"O, I did feel so bad when the school opened and Nelly could not go, because she had no dress," said Mary. "I told mother I wouldn't go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I couldn't be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lend Nelly my dress and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. O, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we've done all we could for them—we've prayed for them—and oh, Miss M———, we are so glad now. Ain't you, too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer.

And, when on the following Monday, little Nelly, in the new pink dress, entered the school room, her face radiant as a rose in the sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table, exclaimed, in tones as musical as those of a freed fountain:

"I'm coming to school every day, and oh, I'm so glad!"

Miss M——— felt as she never felt before, that it is more blessed to give than receive. No Millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for his thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school-teacher, who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that poor girl a calico dress.

[From the Oshkosh (Wis.) Courier.]

"CERESCO FREE LOVE UNION."

In the western part of the county of Fond-du-Lac, Wiscosin, in a beautiful district of country, lies the pleasant town of Ceresco. Hitherto unknown to fame, the locality seems destined to become suddenly famous, as the location of those modern socialist establishments of the silver sort, which sometimes lead us to doubt whether there is in man the most of the brute, the idiot, or the demon. The history and doctrines of the establishment we gather from the proceedings of a mass meeting held in the neighboring village of Ripon, called to see the report of an investigating committee, and to take some steps to put down the nuisance. The doctrines of the "Union" were proven to be of the most disorganizing character, having apparently but one common basis—the lowest sensuality. The horrible nature of these doctrines may be judged of from the following brief synopsis:

1. The right of every woman to choose whoever she will to perform the part of a husband for the time, and to change that person as often as she pleases.

2. The duty of the woman to yield herself to the embraces of the man she loves.

3. That these principles, when put in practice, will bring about the millenium; will do away with the pains of childbearing, and alleviate human suffering in various ways.

4. That fornication may be "holy."

5. That bigamy is no crime.

6. That the crime of adultery is "fictitious," and that what law calls adultery may be the highest and truest relation of which two persons are capable.

7. That bastards are the most beautiful children in the world.

8. That society ought to be destroyed.

9. That wives, though idolized by their husbands, and supported in affluence, are to yield to the love of other men if they like them better.

Each and every one of the above "articles of belief" is proven by the committee, by reference to "book and page" of the books which they circulate and receive as text books, and by acknowledgment and public statement of members, to be *de facto* the belief, as received and acted upon by members of that licentious band, not secretly, but open and avowedly. The books referred to are the "Esoteric Anthropology," and a work on "Marriage;" the former by a miserable stroling lecturer upon "Woman's Rights," "Socialism," &c., T. L. Nichols, and the latter by the same individual, conjointly with a Mrs. Mary S. Gove Nichols, one of the strong-minded women of the age.

The conclusion seemed to be, that if the principles of the "Ceresco Union" could be universally carried out there would be "nothing left for us but a prospective generation of bastards and strumpets."

Yet, strange as it may appear, in this nineteenth century, in the midst of this civilized community, there are men and women who have the brazen hardihood to put forth such doctrines—doctrines which, if received, would turn the world into a vast brothel, and set up such a vile community, where, fulfilling Scripture literally, we find every man "neighing after his neighbor's wife." The regions of the damned could hardly present the realization of a more horrid picture.

We think the people in the neighborhood of Ceresco would do well to protect themselves against such people, as they would against wild beasts.

SOUTHERN POVERTY.—The New Orleans *Delta* tells the story of a poor(?) woman being robbed of a one thousand dollar bill! We don't know what is considered poverty in the south, but in these parts poor people rarely carry more than a handful or so of such evidence of indigence about with them.

[From the Wesleyan.]

MERCY TORTURED INTO CRIME.

Read the facts narrated below and feel your blood boil. Read the cause of offence and thank God that humanity is not crushed out of every man who lives within the reach of slavery. Read Davis' appeal to his brethren and sisters for their justification, and let your heart-throbs answer the question. Read the last words about his aged parents, and let the unbidden tear drop scalding hot from your red eye balls—for you will weep. Blinding drops prevent a finish to these hurried words. They are sent forth, hissing with contempt and hate for slavery, to inspire in your hearts like passion.

"Pardon Davis, a citizen of Marquette County, Wisconsin, and a member of the Seventh-Day Baptist Church, at Burlin, in said County and State, had been spending some time in Tensas Parish, Louisiana, engaged in business. In September last, however, he had settled up his business in Louisiana, and was upon the point of returning to the North, when he was met by a slave-hunter with his dogs, who drew a revolver, and threatened to fire upon him in case he should stir or make a noise. He was brought before a magistrate, who informed him that he was accused of aiding slaves to escape from their masters. The whole town was soon assembled, in a high state of excitement. The citizens, fearing that the evidence against him would prove insufficient, formed themselves into a mob for the purpose of inflicting lynch law in case he should be cleared. Some cried, hang him; some, shoot him; others, give him a thousand lashes on the bare back. No one dared speak a word in his behalf, save a lawyer from Mississippi. He informed the prisoner that the chances were against him—that if he had been charged with larceny or even murder, there might be hope, but little hope as the case was. He was conducted to jail, through a heavy rain, where he was loaded with irons, his feet put in iron stocks, his hands coupled together with iron handcuffs, closely fitted.—These last were subsequently removed next day for him to eat his breakfast.

"The prisoner subsequently had his trial, and was sentenced to *twenty years* confinement in the State Prison of Louisiana, and is now in Baton Rouge, suffering this penalty.

"From a touching letter, written by the prisoner, in the jail, awaiting his trial, addressed to his brethren and sisters at Berlin Church, we copy a statement of the accusation against him, and the occasion of his arrest. We remark it was not proven that he furnished fictitious passes to the fugitives as charged by his accusers; it was simply alleged that the passes *resembled* his writing, ink, paper, &c.

"'The cause of my being arrested, as stated by Mr. Perkins, the negro hunter, is: A man in Mississippi, having discovered a trail of runaways, sent for him to come with his dogs and catch them. He went and caught them after running them thirty or forty miles. Upon overtaking them, they all ran up to the fence to get away from the dogs. He asked them who they belonged to. They gave him a fictitious name, at the same time presenting passes, which he read; but, being a villain at heart, Perkins took them down, one at a time, and set his dogs on them. The negroes, after being torn in a shocking manner, promised, if he would desist, they would tell the truth. The dogs being taken off, the negroes made the following confession: We belong to Mr. Dunkin, of Louisiana, and the overseer, Huggins, whipped us nearly every night, because, being new hands, we could not pick cotton enough. We stood this as long as we could, and then ran away. We went to Mr. Davis' woodyard, and told him our complaint. He let us hide in the wood, and carried us bread and water until last Saturday night. He baked us some bread, gave one of us a pair of shoes, another a hat, another a shirt, a quilt for us to sleep under, some money, these passes, set us across the river in a canoe, one at a time, and told us to go towards sunrise. But getting entangled in the swamp, they were overtaken. Each negro, after being torn by the dogs the same way, confessed the same.'"

The letter of Mr. Davis closes with the following statement and appeal:

"And now, after hearing what I have writen, I ask my brethren and sisters, thine fear of God, if a man should come to you, presenting a lacerated back, exposed to the rays of a southern summer's sun for want of a shirt, feet bleeding from having been torn by snags and briars, hungry and faint, whose crime was that he failed, after straining every nerve, to perform the labor appointed him—I ask, would you—could you—turn him away without assisting him? No, brethren, I think I know you too well—I think you would hand up a loaf of bread, part with some of your surplus clothing, or, if you had no surplus, buy some, as I did—help them across the river, point them to the star of Liberty, and bid them God speed. But even these—even to give a piece of bread—subjects you to a prosecution, the penalty of which is not less than four nor more seven years in the State Prison.

"If you could be on the plantation near where I have lived, and, at night, when the cotton is weighed, out of two hundred not less than twelve are whipped every night—O! could you hear the shrieks, cries, groans, prayers—yes, if you could see that victim on his knees praying, with all the earnestness a man is capable of, to that brutal overseer, and promising to strain every nerve on the morrow to pick more cotton—it is enough to melt the heart of any one. Who can look on such scenes as these and not be moved? Brethren, I cannot. And now what more can I say? Have I done wrong? Have I done more than any *man* ought to do? Dear brethren, I leave you to judge; I am willing to be governed by your decision. I wait with the greatest anxiety to hear from you, to know whether I shall received your sympathies and prayers, or whether I done wrong and am considered a heathen. If the former, I can bear my affliction with fortitude; but if the latter, I feel that my life hangs by a slender thread—that my days are numbered. In the meantime, brethren, pray for me; sisters, remember me in your prayers.

"I must cease, for the last paper in my possession is nearly covered over.—And now, my brethren, when you meet to pray for heathen lands, remember, O! remember our own country. Watch over the declining steps of my parents; 'tis the greatest boon I can ask, for I fear that this intelligence will bring the gray hairs of loving father and affectionate mother to the grave. Comfort them with the thought that we may meet in heaven."

[From the Albany Argus, Aug. 15]

COURTSHIP AND ENGAGEMENT BY TELEGRAPH.

Some months since a young gentleman of this city entered the Morse telegraph office, and requested to be instructed in such of the mysteries of telegraphing as the operators could or would inform him—such as would not interfere with the secrets of the office. The obliging operator proceeded to do so, and in the course of his instructions explained to the freshman the *modus operandi* of writing. It should be known that at one of the stations west of the city, in quite a small but enterprising village, a female—the school mistress of the village—is the operator at the telegraph station.

While the operator in this city was going through his explanations, the—— office called Albany, and made a business inquiry, to which an answer was returned by the Albany operator, who, in a professional manner, inquired the name of the anxious inquirer, and sent it, with the gentleman's compliments, to the—— office (which the female had charge of). Miss C——(we mean the operator) replied returning her compliments, and gave the state of the weather, &c., at——. The gentleman was "immensely" delighted with the idea of interrogating a person, and that person a female, one hundred and fifty miles distant, and through the kindness of the operator addressed several interrogatories to her, all of which were answered in a most gratifying manner. The novice in telegraphing was delighted, not to say enchanted. He called again the next day and persuaded the operator to again summons the——office. Again did he enjoy a delightful *tete-a-tete*—think of a *tete-a-tete* one hundred and fifty miles removed!—with his charming incognita, or, we should say, inamorita, for the novice was all absorbed in Miss C——, as the sequel will prove. For several days did he call and hold converse with the—— office and its very obliging operator, each day becoming more and more interested. The subject of discourse, too, was materially changed, insomuch that the Albany operator began to feel in rather a "peculiar perdicament," he being sort of medium through which two lovers were holding communication. To be brief, the novice continued to call for the space of two weeks, each day growing more interested, until at last he put the question, direct and plump: "Will you marry me?" The telegraph never hesitates; it is a fast institution and those who are connected with it become "fast," as if by intuition. The lady consented, and the novice, a few days after, went to——, claimed his bride and was married. The parties are now residents of this city.

A WRITER of high reputation is often praised for his faults, because, in criticising acknowledged genius, men think it safer to praise than to censure.

RACHEL.

As her name is only known in her theatrical profession, is of Jewish parentage, her father, M. Felix, being among the poorest of his tribe. Rachel Felix was the eldest of seven children and early began to aid her parents in their severe struggle to gain subsistence for their family. Her career opened as a street singer; with an old guitar on which she played the accompaniment, the little Rachel went forth to win by her songs the bread she was unable to earn with her hands.

On a cold evening in January, about the year 1830, Choron, the founder of an academy for music in Paris, was charmed by the silver voice of a child singing out the most delightful cadences upon the keen wintry air. It was little Rachel "singing for her supper." Choron pressed through the crowd who were gathered around her, and in utter amazement gazed upon a delicate little girl of ten or twelve summers, thinly clad, and standing in the snow the very image of desolation. With her benumbed fingers she held out a wooden bowl for a sou, and in it Choron dropped a silver coin. His heart was touched, and the deepest feelings of interest for the little warbler were awakened.

"My child," he asked, "who taught you to sing so well?"

"Nobody, sir" said the little girl, while her teeth chattered; "I have learnt just as I could"

"But where did you learn those beautiful airs which you sing, and which I do not know."

"Indeed sir, I have learnt a little of them everywhere. When I go about the streets I listen under the windows to those ladies and gentlemen who sing. I try to catch the airs and the words, and afterwards arrange them the best way I can."

"You are cold and hungry; come with me and I will give you food and clothing," said the good Choron; and the crowd clapped their hands. But they lost their little Rachel, she never again sang on the Boulevards. Choron obtained permission of her parents to give her a musical education, and under his tutition her wonderful vocal powers rapidly developed. Death took away her benefactor, and she returned awhile to her miserable parents.

The little girl was then just budding into the bloom of a graceful and fascinating woman. She looked to the stage as the means of obtaining bread, and succeeded in making an engagement at the Gymnase, one of the minor theatres of Paris. She made no impression; the audiences refused to applaud. She was disappointed, but not discomfited. From an old clothesmerchant of her own race she borrowed an odd volume of Racine, and was charmed with the tragedy of *Andromache*. She recited the part of the daughter of *Helene*, her eyes filled with tears of deep emotion, and she said to her mother, "I know my destiny—I will perform tragedy?"

Through the influence of a retired actor she obtained an engagement at the Theatre Francaise, and her appearance in the character of Racine was greeted with immense applause. The Parisians were in ecstasies. The singing girl of the Boulevards was apotheosized as the "Tragic Muse." Her salary was first fixed at 4000 francs; the second season it was raised to 150,000 francs. The courts of France and England soon delighted to pay her homage; and within ten years from the hour when Choron took her, half frozen from the streets of Paris, she wore a gorgeous diamond necklace with the words "VICTORIA TO RACHEL" emblazoned upon it.

Mademoiselle Rachel, is at the head of her profession as a tragic actress, and her annual income is not far from thirty-five thousand dollars. Like Jenny Lind in another public sphere, she has no peer in her profession or the admiration of the votaries of the drama. She might have been one of the greatest of living singers, but she preferred to aim at the highest tragic eminence. That she has accomplished.

Would that we could add, what may be truly said of the sweet singer of Sweden, "Mademoiselle Rachel bears a spotless reputation!" It could hardly be expected, accustomed as the poor little girl was to scenes of misery and low vice in such a licentious city as Paris, that Rachel would grow up with much natural delicacy of feeling; but genius should have a purifying power, giving moral elevation of sentiment to the soul of a woman.

No doubt calumny has exaggerated the reports of Mademoiselle Rachel's amours; nor ought she to be judged by the standard of Siddons, who was born and trained in a land where female chastity is required as the crowning grace of the actress. Still we do regret that a shadow has fallen on the fair fame of one who might have been, like Jenny Lind, a glory to her sex as well as her profession. But let us record her good deeds. Mademoiselle Rachel is said to be very charitable to the poor. She has provided generously for her own family; educated her sisters and brothers, and never forgetting the humble condition from which she has risen. As a memorial of her street-minstrelsy, she religiously preserves her old guitar.

[From the Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.]

DEATH OF A SON OF THE AUTHOR OF "ANASTASIUS"—HIS IMMENSE WEALTH AND ECCENTRIC LIFE.

PARIS, May 3, 1855.

A few weeks ago, Mr. William H. Hope, one of the sons of "Anastasius" Hope, died in his hotel of the Rue Saint Dominique, Saint Germain, leaving the whole of his immense fortune, above two millions of dollars, to a poor Englishman, a distant relation, vegetating at Dover on some hundred pounds a year. The will contained a few legacies, among them one to his mistress. He bequeathed her $100,000. This legacy was too intimately linked with the other provisions of the will for the heir to think of disturbing it, for, as you know, these mortuary commands are like Prince Rupert's drop in their intimate interdependence. But the woman had a pair of horses and carriage in Mr. Hope's stable, (they lived maritally together,) alleged to have been given her by him, and which were shown to have been used by her constantly, by none but her, and to have been constantly at her orders. The heir brought suit to recover them, and they were worth $1,000 at the outside.

Mr. Hope was one of the martrys of the Midas martyrology. He fortunately was damned to none of those "rich men's diseases," the gout and apoplexy, but he could not escape ennui, that curse of wealth. His only resource to kill time (and he had not much to kill—he died only 52 years old,) was cards; he spent every season at Hamburg, sitting at his tapis vert, and leaving never less than $10,000, and in 1850 $25,000 to the bank. His stable was sold recently, and all his other personal effects are advertised as on sale. His hotel, with the exception of the de Rothschilds, Lehon, Lanriston, M'lle Hottinguer's (it is just completed, the building has cost a million of dollars,) is the finest in Paris, and is most expensively decorated. He greatly enlarged it when he purchased it 15 years ago from the Spanish government, who used it as their embassy. He lived there alone with his mistress, waited on by 30 servants, and having few visitors besides a well known card player, nicknamed Le Bancal, who has the reputation of being the best card player, not to be a Greek, possessed by Paris.

He made his fortune in Mexico at monte and the cockpit, and it is said that Mr. Hope contributed $75,000 to his estate since first they commenced studying the Book of Kings together. The house he lives in is worth $1,000,000, for it has an immense garden, filled with avenues of fine old lindens, as many fountains and statues as at Versailles, and a cascade. The furniture is in keeping with the hotels and ground; it cost $400,000. The *salons* are *au premier*, (our second story) and can contain 3000 guests; they are lavishly, too lavishly adorned: the ceiling is most elaborately carved and gilded; they are lighted by 20 candelabras of gilt bronze, each of which cost 3000, and are filled with the rarest Japan and Chinese porcelain vases, some having cost 2,500 the pair; the staircase is not surpassed at Versailles; one of the buffets contains a dessert service of Sevres china, gold and blue, which cost $12,000; and the antechambers and smoking room are hung with old and superb leather, with gilt flowers. In a word, gold, mirror, porcelain and carving meet the eye everywhere. This splendid suit of *salons* the master had not seen since 1848! He lived on the ground floor; in all this princely mansion there was but one chamber; it was on the ground floor, and decorated with western art and oriental luxury. It looked on the garden and into two green houses. Who is there in Paris that can afford to indulge himself with a house costing a rent of $60,000 annually?

BLOOMERS IN THE ASCENDENT.—The Kansas *Tribune* says: "Perhaps Lawrence is the only city in America where a majority of the ladies wear Bloomers. During a pleasant day they may be seen in all parts of our place—not walking out for the novelty of the thing, but making calls and pursuing their ordinary avocations without even suspecting that their costume was attracting unusual attention; and indeed, it does not. The ladies consider them far more convenient than the street-sweepers, and they ought to be the best judges."

NOTHING but a good life can fit men for a better one.

SANTA ANNA.

What a singular life has been that of Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, and how strange the mutability of fortune that has attended him! His career for the last thirty years may be thus briefly sketched. He came into public life in 1821; was deposed from the command of Vera Cruz in 1822; in 1828 he again appeared as a republican; in 1830 wheeled about in favor of Pedrazza, who became President. At the next election he became President, himself, defeated Arista and D'Arras, and held his seat until 1835, when an insurrection headed by Zacatecas broke out against him. Having quelled this outbreak, he proclaimed himself dictator, and a large number of those who rebelled against the usurpation, went to Texas and proclaimed a new government. A war ensued and he was defeated and taken prisoner, but soon released, and in 1835 he lost his leg while defending Vera Cruz against the French. In 1841 he was again President, but in 1845 the wheel turned and he again went to the bottom.

In 1846, during the war with the United States, he headed the Mexican troops and was defeated. Shortly afterwards he was again obliged to abdicate, but was again brought back to the Presidential Chair, which he soon changed into the seat of an Emperor. This in turn he was obliged to leave, and he is now once more on his way to Havana, to remain no one knows how long, and what his future fate may be it would require the gift of prophecy to foretell.

SAVE THE MAN WITH THE RED HAIR.

It requires great coolness and experience to enter a course through the rapids of the Sault S. Marie: and a short time before our arrival, two Americans had ventured to descend them without boatman, and were consequently upset. As the story was reported to us, one of them owed his salvation to a singular coincident. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing toward the group, frantic with excitement. 'Save the man with the red hair!' he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. 'He owes me eighteen dollars' said his rescuer, drawing a long breath and looking approvingly at his assistants. The red haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Sault, and in defalt of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. 'And I'll tell you what it is stranger, said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom—'a man'll never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to his self.'—*Blackwood*

BALLOONING.

The ascension of Mr. Elliott from Carr, Place yesterday evening, was entirely successful. He did not exactly go up on horseback, as his own position was some distance above the animal; but he took up with him, suspended in air with outstretched legs, a real live horse. The horse seemed to be considerably astonished as the earth receded; he turned his head from side to side, and seemed to cock his eye quite knowingly at the crowd beneath; but finding no use for his legs, he displayed his good "horse sense," by holding them perfectly still, no doubt fully convinced that he was "learning the ropes." The balloon is a monster in size, and looked beautiful as it rose through the clear evening air. At a considerable elevation, it took a direction a little west of north, and sailed away to astonish the natives about the Missouri river. Some editors went up with Mons. Godard in New Orleans; but this is, we believe, the first *horse* ballooning ever done in the U. S.—*St. Louis Intelligencer, 21st inst.*

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket-ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to he child, on a still day across a water a mile wide.